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The answer is: He can go up to the line where the style of the composition and the manner of the execution begin to *obscure the thought or idea* that is intended to be expressed by the artist in his work, or where the "artistry" becomes so personal or so strange that it begins to attract so much attention that the emotion the artist should aim to arouse in the spectator fails to be aroused. The degenerate artist takes advantage of this principle and says that he departs from nature for that very reason—to give his work style. But we enter the danger zone which leads to degeneracy and insanity just as soon as we depart from nature *beyond a certain normal line*. If then the artist keeps on that path he will surely end in the abyss of the abnormal and monstrous. And, since the thought of the degenerate is deformed and sometimes corrupt, he suits his style and technique to his thought. And the surest tests of the value of any work of art are the instincts and common-sense of an uncorrupted and cultured public.

Ah, what an awakening there will be in about ten years from now when this rampant curiosity about Cézanne and other "modernistic" art works and cranks in art, fanned into notoriety by charlatan methods of interested dealers, critics and artists shall be exhausted!

And we beg most tenderly to suggest to those few collectors of "curios" who have been hypnotized to

invest in any of the forms of modernistic degenerate art (all of which forms can be *traced back* to either some crank, drug fiend, alcoholic victim or sex pervert) that they unload their curios instant and throw them back upon the hands of those Parisian art dealers who first fostered their creation, and this, while these works still command a certain price, however small. For these things for which now high price are asked and sometimes paid by the "intellectual bumpkins" will certainly prove in ten years to have been "gold-bricks," and then there will be gnashing of teeth and wailing at the gates—for those who were untrue to their own intuitions and followed, foolishly, the fantastic prophets of an impossible "modernism" which, beginning with the "search for the beautiful in the modern" as Beaudelaire the father of modernism said, ended by the spawning of the grotesquely absurd and the monstrously ugly, to the bewildering of the unknowing and the disgust of the wise.

What a house-cleaning there will be in certain museums, and in some private collections of certain speculators, when the public will have learned that there is an abyss between modern and "modernistic" art, and when the words "modernism" and "up-to-dateness" will have become nauseating, when it will have tired of running about, to see, out of common curiosity only, the "leaden" creations of Cézanne and other modernistic artists!

THE SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY

A CURSORY glance at the Exhibition of the Academy made up mostly of pictures, leads us to think that, as a whole, the exhibition is better than the one held by the Academy last winter. The general quality has moved up one notch. Let us take courage from this.

If, now, the artists of the country will make a mighty resolve to push the next exhibition up one notch more they may start a tendency which will progressively lift these shows to a still higher level.

There is much cleverness, too much; much painty "technique," more than enough. There is some, but only a modicum of poetry, little that is grand,—not one truly sublime conception.

But we wish to congratulate the Jury on having hung not one truly neurotic and extremely modernistic monstrosity, though there are a few that are somewhat tainted. May the succeeding Juries keep on this path!

There is nothing that we should all have more at heart than the creation of a deeper, wider and a higher support for the really great productions of American artists when they produce them. A larger appreciation of their work can come only when more of them move higher up in spirit.

When it comes to mere "surface technique," to mere "artistry" we have some artists as clever as most of the cleverest artists of Europe. But the American public does not care any more for the merely clever technical stunts of European artists, when this is disassociated from fine thought, than it does for the merely clever artistry of our American artists. Nearly every one of the European

artists who now counts heavily with the cultured and buying public of America has something more in his work than merely clever artistry—he has heart and soul, thought and poetry.

Moreover, if our artists will remember, that America is not Europe, that its soul is different; if they will choose loftier subjects and handle them in a more reverent spirit, they will captivate the heart of America in one decade. THE ART WORLD is trying to help create a larger appreciation of the great art that America has produced and for what it will produce, and a careful watching of its course will prove this. But the artists must prepare to respond as fast as the demand comes from the public, which is watching expectingly the evolution of American art towards higher things. This evolution will not be accomplished by resting satisfied with things as they are. The standard of our choice of subjects and of their composition must be raised, especially in figure painting. To do this we must demand better drawing and design, more creative imagination and an ideal in art that will lift it out of the dead level of mediocre mechanical imitation up to poetic creation. Any work evidencing these ideals will surely receive the encouragement it deserves.

In the South Galleries we noticed "Oaks and Pines," by W. L. Palmer full of truth and poetry; "Summer Morning," by Leonard Ochtman; "The Painted Desert, Arizona," by A. L. Groll, one of the best things he has ever done, approaching the grand; "In Port," by E. H. Potthast, a fine rich

color scheme; "Overlooking a Valley," by Eliot Clark, is clever; "The Moor Road, Gloucester," by Florence Francis Snell, has charm; "Late Summer Moon-Rise" by Ben Foster received the Altman Prize and is one of the finest things he has done, charming in pattern and full of atmosphere; "November Afternoon," by George M. Bruestle is good; "September Morning," by W. H. Howe, shows some cows in a poetic landscape.

"An Idyll," by Louis D. Vaillant, which we reproduce here, is the most admirable work in the whole exhibition, showing a young girl and two small boys all nude, and engaged in animated con-

In the center gallery we noticed a "Portrait of Emil Carlsen," by his son Dines Carlsen which is a little gem. Albert Herter's "A Man and His Wife" is fine in sentiment, and the wife's head is beautiful, but he has done better painting. "Portrait of Leonard Cox," by his father, Kenyon Cox, is a powerfully modeled and beautiful portrait. "A Shady Nook," by Bolton H. Jones, is full of sunshine and shadow; the little girl, in Mrs. Louisa Cox's "Spring Flowers," is charming; "Out in the Storm," by E. L. Henry, showing a horse waiting in the rain for his master, is excellent; "Autumn," by F. B. Williams is beautiful in pattern and



"AN IDEAL"

By LOUIS D. VAILLANT

At the Spring Academy Exhibition

versation, with a beautiful landscape as background. It is very well drawn and modeled and is a fine poetic work worthy of going into the Metropolitan Museum.

"Twixt Sun and Mist," by E. C. Volkert, is full of sunlight and above the ordinary; "A November Day," and "Early Evening," by W. A. Coffin, are full of truth and atmosphere. "Breakfast in the Garden," by F. C. Frieseke, is a commonplace creation, lacking in refinement and full of nothing but just cold, bluish paint and "technique"; "Morning Hours," by R. S. Bredin, is very good; "Swans," by F. S. Church, is a charming idyll, but not up to his best in execution; "Winter Grays," by Charles Vezin is good.

charming in color; "Landscape," by George H. Bogert is dreamy; "Portrait," by Edward Dufner is a strong piece of work; Carl J. Blenner's "The Mirror," is a well-modeled head and charming.

"Children on the Sands," by Max Bohm is an irritating creation. It is an original conception and fine as a color scheme, but it is badly drawn and modeled, and the figures are hopelessly entangled. Mr. Bohm has rare gifts of imagination and has gone far in mastering the problems of composition in some of his former works. In the present work he has failed in both modeling and drawing. We fear he is making concessions to the corrupt modernistic cult. If he continues in this direction, his complete failure as a creative artist

is assured. "The Willow Pool," by W. P. Derrick is full of freshness and light.

In the Vanderbilt Gallery we notice "The Delft Plate," by Dines Carlsen, an excellent still life; "Brilliant Night," by Howard Russell Butler, is fine; "The Arbor," by Frances C. Jones, has much charm.

"Spring," by William Wendt, is a superb landscape; "Buds and Blossoms," by Daniel Garber, is charming; "Portrait of Master William Sloane," by Douglas Volk, is fine, but, perhaps, the trees ought to be a little more detached; "Children's Play Ground, Bryant Park," by Paul Cornoyer, is good; "Brook and River," by Charles Rosen, would be helped by a little less "paint" although it is beautiful in pattern and in color scheme; "Miss Mary," by Louis Betts, occupies the place of honor, but the red dress is too "painty" and the head is the poorest piece of modeling in the picture, while the left foot and slipper is the best piece of work in the picture and admirable; "Assisi," by C. W. Eaton, is poetic; "The Winding Stream," by E. L. Warner, is beautiful in pattern and fine in color scheme; "The Mystic Pool," by Leonard Ochtman, is fine; "Backwater," by H. B. Snell, is up to his best; "Beatrice," by Lydia F. Emmet, shows an excellently modeled, life-like head; "Portrait," by Adelaide Cole Chase, is good.

In the Academy room we noticed "Valley in the Catskills," by Walter Goltz. It is excellent. "Mildred," by W. J. Baer is good; "Portrait," by Antonio Barone, is very clever and charming; "Dye House in Udaipur," in India, by Emma Lampert Cooper, has much charm; "Near the State Line," by Ernest Albert, is very good.

Of sculpture there is very little, but the marble bust of "Judge Leon Sanders," by A. Dykaar, is one of the finest marble busts ever exhibited in an Academy show. "Wolf," by Frederick G. R. Roth, is a piece of animal sculpture worthy of Barye; the bronze bust of "J. Francis Murphy, N. A.," and "E. S. Conway," by Cartaino Scarpitta, are capital; the bronze bust of "J. Carroll Beckwith, N. A.," by George T. Brewster, is very good; "Diogenes," a bronze statuette, by George E. Bissell, is a very fine representation of the old searcher for an honest man; "First Steps," by A. Piccirilli, is a charming small group in bronze.

Now, there is a nude, "Unrest," in the show, by S. E. Dickinson, clever as a whole with some good painting, but the figure of his seated model is chalky, and the whole thing is meaningless and banal in conception, but it received the Hallgarten Prize. There is however, some promise in the young man and we hope he will merit the Prize in the future. "The Toilet," by Helen M. Turner, shows a semi-nude woman seated, exposing and washing her legs. Why this screed? It is a vulgar conception and unworthy of a lady. "Sleeping Nude," by Gertrude Fiske, shows a woman lying on the floor in an ugly position and it looks more like a sack of potatoes. It is badly drawn, child-

ishly composed and hideously modeled. How any lady can produce such an inept creation and send it to an exhibition is a puzzle. Another crassly material thing is "A Nude Figure," by Harriette Clark, showing a plump woman, half nude, with a retroussé nose and a mirror in her hand, a mechanical affair, utterly devoid of poetry.

Here we have a one-third nude, a half-nude and a full nude figure, all by women. One is childish and atrociously incompetent, the other coarse and mechanical and the other trifling and vulgar. Where is all the poetry our women were going to bring into the world of art to elevate mankind? Where is the moral superiority that they were to contribute to save a race from slipping back into the tophet of animalism, of which we have heard so much? If our woman painters can't do better with the nude than they did in this exhibition, they had better go back to painting china or washing dishes, then they will at least be doing something really useful and not make their own sex blush for them. Such æsthetic ineptitude, coarseness and vulgarity on the part of our men artists would be bad enough, but on the part of our woman artists it is disheartening to those who are trying to regain for our American art the moral and financial support of the men of power who really rule the land.

"Resting," by Leopold Seyffert is a coarse, vulgar rendering of a nude studio model resting on her back on a couch and reflected in a mirror, poorly painted, showing the dirt on her feet. It is wretchedly drawn, muddy and opaque in color, and the whole absolutely devoid of poetry or a reason for being. But the Jury adjudged this picture as the best painted nude in the exhibition by giving it one of the most prominent places in the exhibition!

"Mother and Child," by W. W. Gilchrist, Jr., is a vulgar conception of a nude woman in a kimono holding in her arms a baby.

When will our artists learn that the exposing of such vulgar nudes, painted only for the sake of making a sensation, can only hurt them in their highest interests as well as their pockets? When will they cease imitating the artists in Europe and remember that America is not Europe, that we should discard the degenerate and immoral point of view that the best men even in Europe have also decried? When will they tell those who send questionable and vulgar nudes for their judgment, when they serve on Juries: "Your 'painting,' your 'technique' is very good but your art is bad. So we give you No. 1 for your craftsmanship, but we refuse to hang your picture!" This would soon bring out a higher crop of poetic nudes devoid of vulgar nakedness which a refined woman and an adolescent girl could look at without blushing, and to praise which would give us as much joy as we experienced in praising the "Idyll," by Vaillant in the South Gallery, and which we reproduce as an example of the nude poetically conceived and executed.

